

THIS FOX NEATLY TRAPPED.

Park Policeman Newell Caught Working a Blackmaling Game.

HE THREATENS TO ARREST A YOUNG COUPLE AND IS BOUGHT OFF.

A Plot is Laid by Capt. Collins and Sergt. Dillon and the Policeman is Caught with Marked Bills in His Possession—Held by Justice Mc Mahon in \$2,500 Bail for Trial—May Be Other Similar Complaints.

Sergt. Dillon, of the Central Park police, got his handsome mustache yesterday. Then he disguised himself in an old livery and an old opera hat and drove a coach through town, with Capt. Christopher C. Collins and Sergt. Egan hidden inside. The masterminded was digging a pit for a two-legged fox, and they caught him.

August Cordes, of No. 203 Front street, is a young man who came here from Bremerhaven five years ago. He took a stroll in Central Park Tuesday evening with his intended Adeline Hofmeister, of No. 81 Stanton street. They came in at the Fifty-ninth street entrance at Sixth Avenue, and sat on a bench near the small lake. Mr. Cordes and Miss Hofmeister sat talking until 3 o'clock in the morning, when Policeman Newell approached and said he was going to lock them up, and asked how Cordes would like that. In his affidavit Mr. Cordes yesterday stated that he asked Newell if the matter couldn't be fixed and that the officer inquired how much he had. When he was told that Mr. Cordes had only a watch, he said he'd take that and give it back to him the next day. He would bring him \$10 to redeem it. The conversation took place out of Miss Hofmeister's hearing and Mr. Cordes gave up his watch and with the young woman left the park.

The next morning he walked into the Arsenal and told Sergt. Egan that officer No. 222 had his watch. Sergt. Dillon examined Cordes privately and then told him to meet Newell, as he had agreed. The meeting took place on Thursday night at the Fifty-ninth street and Sixth Avenue entrance, while it was raining heavily. Sergt. Dillon lay in the grass throughout the whole of it, expecting to get evidence against Newell. Capt. Collins and Miss Hofmeister were at Fifty-eighth street, but Newell was not there.

"When you deal with me, you deal with me," said Newell, and he was talking in a threatening manner. He also raised the ante.

Meet me at noon on Friday," he said. "At One Hundred and Seventeenth street and Third Avenue and you'll get your watch. But it will cost you \$100."

The soaked Dillon, watchless Cordes, and Sergt. Egan then prepared the trap which caught the fox. Capt. Collins marked two ten-dollar bills and recorded the numbers. They were E-2343-855, and A-3988-1000. The correct was torn from out, and the other was marked with pencil. Cordes was told to meet Newell as agreed and to give him the marked bills.

Sergt. Egan shaved Sergeant Dillon yesterday. It was not an artistic shave. Then the livery was put on, and the coach was hired at Hall's livery stable at Madison street and Sixty-second street. At One Hundred and Seventeenth street and Third Avenue, Newell was sighted, so Dillon drove to One Hundred and Eighteenth street, thence to Lexington Avenue and back into One Hundred and Seventeenth street.

Newell was waiting at the corner, but there were several strangers there and Newell evidently afraid to approach, Dillon beckoned Cordes to move on down the street and he did so. Newell moved along the other side of the street and led Cordes to One Hundred and Fifteenth street and Second Avenue before he would notice him.

Two got together and Cordes gave the officer the two marked bills. As soon as he had them Newell darted across the street like a flash, and drove into Manhook Simon's sawmill, No. 2110 Second Avenue. He burst into the door with a rush, holding the money and paw-tickets out to Simon.

Quick as he was, the man was as quick. The coach had followed the couple, and Capt. Collins and the two sergeants were almost on his heels as he entered the mill. Capt. Collins seized Newell just after the paw-tickets had taken the money and the last and before the coach had been handed over. Sergt. Dillon got the marked bills and the paw-tickets, and Cordes identified the coach as his.

Newell was at once taken to the Yorkville Justice Court. Justice Mc Mahon was waiting for his arrival, as he had known of the case beforehand and was prepared for it. Newell, who gave his address as No. 510 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, told a World reporter before the case was heard that he didn't know why he was arrested, and that he had never seen the complainant and didn't know anything about the charge. Afterwards he declined to say anything. After the complainant's testimony was taken the Justice asked Newell whether he wished to say anything. He declined to make any statement and asked for an adjournment till June 27, at 2 P. M., which was granted. When he was put under \$2,500 bail, he asked that he be paroled in the custody of Capt. Collins. When the captain heard this he was just a little bit surprised, and declined the pleasure very promptly. "Why, you're charged with a felony," said he. "I wouldn't be responsible for you."

The captain said that Newell had been in the department for about four or five years.

"He had a middling record," he said, "neither especially bad nor good."

The captain added that if any other of his men were guilty of such a crime, he would convict them if it took a year to do it. Newell held under section 552 of the Penal Code, which makes it a crime for a police officer to extort money through the power of his office, and for a police officer to receive a bribe for his official position. It is thought that other complaints may now be heard from.

LIFE-SAVER CLARK TO THE RESCUE.

Miss Woodson Struck the Undertow and Had a Narrow Escape.

ASHBURY PARK, N. J., June 23.—The bathing houses here were open for the first time this season yesterday and among the fifty persons who went into the ocean was a Miss Woodson, of Philadelphia.

She got beyond her depth and a strong undertow began to carry her out. She was almost, but as every one knew her as an expert swimmer it was supposed that she was holding.

Soon, however, it was apparent that she was in danger and Life-Saver Clark plunged in. With a few vigorous strokes he reached the woman and attempted to bring her in. His life was very strong, and at one time it looked as if both would be swept away, but the gallant life-saver made a desperate effort.

With his surd he soon reached the shore, and the clivers of the hundreds that had gathered on the beach.

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

You ought to keep your flesh up.

Disease will follow, if you let it go below a healthy standard.

No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science far surpassing filthy Cod Liver Oil and all its nasty compounds. It makes the most delicate stomachs strong, and the most flabby plump and rosy with health and strength.

The "Discovery" is sold on trial. In everything, that's claimed for it, as a strength restorer, blood purifier, and health-builder, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Is your case that you want to know about it, you have Catarrh—not your Catarrh. The makers of Dr. Squire's Catarrh Remedy promise to pay you \$500 if they can't permanently cure you.

GRANGE RUINED HIMSELF.

How a Prosperous Bookbinder Threw Away His Good Fortune.

DISSIPATION, FAST LIVING, FORGERY AND FLIGHT.

His Liabilities Will Exceed \$100,000 and the False Paper That He Uttered Amounts to \$30,000—Detectives Have Been Unable to Find Him—His Wife, Father, Brothers and All Who Had to Do with Him Are Sufferers.

The failure of James Grange, the Duane street bookbinder who made an assignment on June 19 to his lawyer, Andrew Gilbody, of No. 5 Beekman street, is a bad one. Forger, absconding and a dual private life are some of its fresher features.

On June 10 James Grange went to his lawyer in the most jaunty way in the world and told him that he was unable to "meet his obligations." Since that day he has not been seen by any of his anxious creditors, nor have detectives been able to trace him. It is said that a handsome blonde, whom he frequently drove out in his wagon with a pretty piece of horseflesh between the shafts, is the companion of his flight.

Assignee Andrew Gilbody was somewhat reticent yesterday. He said to a World reporter that William R. Jordan, an expert accountant, was trying to unravel Grange's tangled books. He had not the slightest knowledge of how things would turn out, but he hoped to be able to present a balance-sheet in the course of a few days. He thought that the liabilities would far exceed the \$100,000 limit. He had heard of forgeries by his client, and he was not prepared to say that they would not amount to as much as \$100,000. There was machinery in the building that cost \$65,000. The book debts are probably valueless. In cash there wasn't a cent.

An old friend of the absconding debtor was able to throw a good deal of light on Mr. James Grange's career. He was born in Brooklyn about thirty years ago. He was a bright, ambitious boy of exemplary habits. He learned the bookbinding business and in time became a steeper in Arch's bindery at a salary of \$25 a week. About seven years ago he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Friedman, the daughter of a boss carpenter who lived in Thirtieth street, Brooklyn. He married her. Then he borrowed \$2,000 from her mother and started a bindery. He built up a profitable trade. His domestic life was happy. A bright little girl was born to him. But he could not stand prosperity. His business methods grew lax. He affected fast society of both sexes. He was often seen on the road with a young woman who had been divorced, and his relations with her became so notorious three years ago that his wife obtained a judicial separation. An order for alimony at the rate of \$20 a week was made, and this he paid to her until a few days before he fled.

Mr. Grange took up his abode in Brooklyn, two blocks away from the home of his wife, with the woman who succeeded her for a time in his affections. This woman's maiden name was Titus. They passed as a married couple until the day when the woman, who was, however, he was by no means faithful to his second attachment.

He received a hard blow in his business last January. The F. M. Lupton Publishing Company withdrew all their work from him. The reason is said to have been that Grange was stamping the titles and borders on the covers of books substituted brass for gold. His business, which once employed 150 hands, fell off. Then he became reckless. He began to forge.

It is said by his victims, among whom is W. S. Trigg, publisher, of No. 149 Duane street, whose name he forged to a note for \$750, that he was not at all a good penman. His forgeries were crude. The false signatures of the F. M. Lupton Company, of No. 100 Nassau street, are just as faulty. They are to the tune of \$10,000. Other victims want to hide their heads in the sand.

Perhaps the greatest sufferer by the sin of the forger is his aged father, on whose head he laid the blame for his misdoings. He was employed as chief of the stock room in the bindery and is left penniless. The absconder's two brothers, Sylvester and Edmund, who were also his employees, are his creditors for about \$3,500 in the aggregate for wages. He owes his brother-in-law, Alfred Douglass, a Brooklyn truckman, \$1,700 for money loaned and work performed. He owed wages when he fled to all his work-people. If the creditors get 10 cents on the dollar they will be lucky. That is, at least, the opinion of some good accountants.

TWO AMBITIOUS CHIMNEYS.

They Will Carry Power-House Smoke 200 Feet into the Air.

The Stars and Stripes will be hoisted this morning on top of the two great boiler chimneys of the Third Avenue Railroad Company's power stations, signifying the completion of the mason work. Both chimneys will have an ultimate height of 200 feet above the street level. The foundations cover a surface of about 30x30 feet for a base. Granite plates three feet thick are placed above a layer of concrete four feet thick.

The brick base of the chimneys is in a square section planked with heavy buttresses up to the roof line. Above the roof the chimney forms an octagonal section with paneled square for a base, the top being six feet in diameter. The interior section of the chimneys above a separate circular shaft for an air space extending up independently to the height of 150 feet.

The great height of the chimneys has been adopted so as to distribute the gases in as high a region as possible and avoid inconvenience to the neighborhood as well as to secure the greatest possible draught.

HIGGINSON TO ASK FOR ACTION.

Wants to Be Sent Back to the Atlanta or Be Tried by Court-Martial.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

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He is satisfied that he has been unjustly treated, and he will, probably to-morrow, formally request Secretary Herbert either to put him back on his ship or to order a court-martial. He thinks a court of inquiry is not the best method of bringing out the facts and prefers the more heroic measures of the naval court-martial.

Senator Murphy's Busy Day.

Senator Edward Murphy, Jr., was at the race-track yesterday in company with President of the Board of Police James J. Martin and Richard Croker. Last evening he accompanied ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant and Mr. Martin to the horse sale at Tattersalls. The Senator returns to Troy today. Mr. Murphy goes to Saratoga for the summer early next month. He and his family are to occupy his cottage there. The legislative session convention is likely to be held at the Springs in September.

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Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness after delivery which I have often felt.

Mrs. ANNIE GALE, LAMAR, Mo., Jan. 14, 1892.

Best by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book colorists mailed free.

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO.,

ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Catching Big Salmon in the Hudson.

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., June 23.—H. S. Miller and T. L. Pratt, of this village, caught in the Hudson River yesterday afternoon a salmon weighing 13½ pounds. This morning they caught two salmon, one weighing 9½ pounds and the other 10½ pounds.

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FANCY SHIRTS,

Collar and Cuffs Attached,

69c., 95c., 1.24.

6th Ave., 20th to 21st St.

REAL ESTATE.

NEW AMSTERDAM PARK

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COMMUTATION 11 CENTS.

Free Passes furnished to all who wish to visit this beautiful property in view of buying.

SPECIAL EXCURSION DAYS,

SUNDAYS, TUESDAYS, FRIDAYS.

Trains leave Sundays, Grand Central Depot (Harlem Division), 1.35 P. M.; Most Haven, 1.45 P. M.; Fridays, 2.15 P. M.; Saturdays, 2.30 P. M. Our agents will furnish you with railroad tickets at the depot, or you can secure them at the Manager's Office, 101 W. 40th St.

Now is the time to secure a home as well as a good, safe investment. Lots \$100 and upwards on easy monthly payments or a liberal 3 percent account for cash. Streets opened and graded and ready to build on.

MALCOLM Manager, 101 W. 40th St.

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED TO HANDLE THIS PROPERTY.

SLICER NOT YET HIMSELF.

He Has Been Sent to the Kings County Hospital at Flatbush.

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Slicer's friends, Charles Holworth and Marcus Bebro, who have helped him to dispose of the American rights in his new cloth-weaving machine, took him to the road with a young woman who had been divorced, and his relations with her became so notorious three years ago that his wife obtained a judicial separation. An order for alimony at the rate of \$20 a week was made, and this he paid to her until a few days before he fled.

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